

Good Morning

621

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Girls were lost in Fog, A.B. Frank Carroll

WE didn't see any girls lined up on the doorstep of 49, Forest Drive, Leytonstone, A.B. Jim is now in Cyprus with Frank Carroll, so we knew you wouldn't be home for a little while.

You see, your father told us about the girls who wait for you long before you arrive, but they didn't turn up for us.

To tell you the truth, Frank, we didn't see much of anything, for the day we chose to visit Leytonstone was the foggiest of the year.

Still, we must say the welcome your mother gave us was very bright, and we were glad to find both she and your Father love, and greetings also come in good health. As for young Doug, well, have you ever

known him in anything but his usual high spirits? Jim is now in Cyprus with the R.A.F., and your Mother is hoping you might bump into him on your travels. Look out for him if you get out that way, Frank!

Both Pat, who recently married a petty officer, and Peggy, are still on forestry work in Scotland, and both are enjoying their war-work.

Your Father showed us some of the experiments you had been making with plastic models, and it certainly looked a vastly improved method to us.

All the family send their love, and greetings also come from the flock of girls we were unlucky enough to miss.

KNACKERS not BACKERS seemed the fate of these race-winners!

COME with me to-day to a small stable at Brick Bains Lodge, Malvern Wells, the laboratory of a veterinary biologist. You will see horses with the sleek coats, keen eyes, and nervous stamina of sure winners—and you won't believe that they were scraggy old crocks not long ago.

You will see former hopefuls that have been outclassed decisively on the Turf, nags that—thanks to glandular treatment—may yet make racing history.

Captain William Fisher, M.C., late of the Indian Army, is too busy at present to give much attention to racing—but after the war he is going to present the Sport of Kings with its biggest shock in years.

It was happening before the war when racehorses that were on the point of being written off by their unlucky owners, suddenly began to win all the races.

The bookies and tipsters found that form and history meant nothing any more. During the amazing 1938-39 seasons some fifty horses, once considered almost worthless, took the stakes of over 200 races and won an incalculable amount in bets.

What had happened? Some persons murmured the ugly word "dope," but dope in the ordinary sense was never used.

Let me instance the amazing case of Harlequin, a horse with such a poor racing history that even vanmen must have looked askance at the animal. For a time he was under treatment in Captain Fisher's stable. Then he was sent to a hurdle meeting at Ludlow. He jumped every obstacle, and won in a canter. A week later, Lady McAlpine's never-beaten Geller was the favourite at Pershore—and

now Harlequin beat Geller easily.

Harlequin's racing ancestry might be described as Health out of Glandular Treatment. For hormone injections—the self-same glandular treatment that is common now in medical practice—were at the root of his transformation.

For sixteen years Captain Fisher was completely unknown to the Turf. He was working quietly in a Birmingham biological laboratory at research concerning the prevalence of TB among cattle.

He tested various gland secretions for the cure of farmyard diseases and reported the results to the Ministry of Agriculture.

The physical condition of animals could be improved, their resistance heightened, he announced, by treatment of the endocrine glands.

It was on his wife's suggestion that he first drew the attention of sport to the revitalising wonders of gland treat-

ment. The joke is that the Turf at first completely ignored this threat to the whole bloodstock industry.

Captain Fisher invited twenty-five prominent trainers to submit their horses for treatment. Not one of them replied.

Then the scientist happened to contact Ben Roberts, the Cheltenham trainer. Mr. Roberts was on the point of destroying a horse which had eaten nothing for two weeks, had wasted almost to a skeleton, and was clearly at death's door.

The dying horse was given an injection. A week later he was feeding heartily. Four weeks later he was stretching his legs in his normal loping canter.

Captain Fisher was not content. He believed that the horse from the grave could become a race-winner.

When the horse was at last entered for a race, Ben Roberts refused to back it. His



Antigua, the horse from the grave, went on to win race after race.

R. A. KEMP tells the amazing story of the glandular treatment that made winners out of sinners in his series "Secrets of the Stables"

wife chose to back the horse for sentiment, but put on only two shillings for a place. The race was well entered by many heavily backed form horses.

Captain Fisher's "patient" ran with the leaders all the way, and then urged forward to an easy win.

The horse was Antigua, and he went on to win race after race, despite penalties and handicapping.

Soon, of course, owners were falling over themselves to make the best of Captain Fisher's skill.

Ninety-three per cent. of the animals he treated subsequently won races—not just an occasional fluke, but one race after another. And these were horses which the owners had decided to sell up at almost any price.

One day, no less than eight Fisher-treated horses ran in eight different races. Seven won. Why did the eighth fail? The jockey announced that the horse had stumbled, and so was beaten by a short head.

Can you imagine what might have happened had Captain Fisher chosen to bet on these horses which he endowed with brand-new stamina? The betting market might have been paralysed, but this scientist-trainer happens not to bet.

Sensational sums must have been made by his patrons, but Captain Fisher's greatest pride are his case-books. They prove that in three racing seasons he prepared more winners by gland treatment than the six most successful trainers in Britain did together by normal means.

To cap this drama, Captain Fisher has asked the Jockey Club to investigate the whole position. Will the names of treated horses be announced at meetings in future? Or is the form-book to be swept away?

Music in the Air for L.S. Jim Barnes

WEDDING bells seem to be definitely in the air for Leading Seaman Jim Barnes.

When we saw your Mother, Jim, at First Lane, Hessle, near Hull, she assured us that if you decide to tie the knot next time you're home she's got all the stuff ready for a real, good wedding cake.

There's only one thing troubling her—whether she will be able to get enough beer!

In the meantime, your mother wants you to know that she's quite well.

After seeing your mother we went along to Askew Avenue to see Betty, your intended. She was rather shy about the wedding, but had plenty to say about that piano-acordion.

So you kid her about it, do you Jim?

Well, Betty says she still does not mind your banter, and she is getting even more professional with the keys.

Since that accorion seems so interesting to you we could not refrain from getting a picture of Betty doing a little more practice with it.



UNGAGGABLE PAMPHLETEER

AT least a hundred and fifty brochures written by the virulent pamphleteer, John Lilburne, can be seen at the British Museum. Not caring a jot whether it were Roundheads or Cavaliers who were the butt of his pen, he kept up a continuous flow of sarcastic comments upon the men and affairs of his day until he died in 1657.

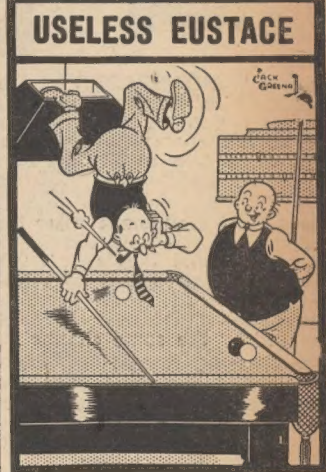
In 1637 he was whipped, pilloried and imprisoned (they didn't do things by halves) for refusing to take the usual oath before the highest court of the land, the notorious Star Chamber, where he was on trial for seditious writings.

And it was typical of the man that he should harangue the populace who gathered round during his punishment at the whipping post and stocks. He even dispersed pamphlets to them.

Among his publications were a series of bogus Acts of Parliament, including one entitled "An Act forbidding any to stamp the Lord General's (Oliver Cromwell's) image on gingerbread, lest the valour of it should bite the children by the tongue."

A series of "Cases of Conscience" are also among the leaflets he broadcast. They had such titles as "Whether Cromwell has not gotten a patent for brimstone, which makes his nose so fiery," and "Whether Whitehall may not properly be called a den of thieves."

Lilburne was as popular with the people of London, as he was detested by those in authority. More than once he was acquitted by his fellow citizens sitting as a jury, when the evidence was dead against him. D. N. K. B.



"See! Whichever way you look at it, it's a snooker!"

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Driven desperate by rejection slips, struggling writer marries magazine editor's secretary. But "The best laid schemes" of this mouse came unstuck and thereafter it wasn't the Editor who Regrets . . . !

THE editor of the "Hearthstone Magazine" has his own ideas about the selection of manuscript for his publication. His theory is no secret; in fact, he will expound it to you willingly sitting at his mahogany desk, smiling benignantly and tapping his knee gently with his gold-rimmed eye-glasses.

"The 'Hearthstone,'" he

will say, "does not employ a staff of readers. We obtain opinions of the manuscripts submitted to us directly from types of the various classes of our readers."

That is the editor's theory; and this is the way he carries it out:—

When a batch of MSS. is received, the editor stuffs every

one of his pockets full of them and distributes them as he goes about during the day. The office employees, the hall porter, the janitor, the elevator man, messenger boys, the waiters at the cafe where the editor has luncheon, the nian at the news-stand where he buys his evening paper, the grocer and milkman, the guard on the 5.30 uptown elevated train, the ticket-chopper at Sixty—th street, the cook and maid at his home—these are the readers who pass upon MSS. sent in to the "Hearthstone Magazine."

If his pockets are not entirely emptied by the time he reaches the bosom of his family, the remaining ones are handed over to his wife to read after the baby goes to sleep.

A few days later the editor gathers in the MSS. during his daily rounds, and considers the verdict of his assorted readers.

This system of making up a magazine has been very successful, and the circulation, paced by the advertising rates, is making a wonderful record of speed.

This method of the "Hearthstone" was well known to Allen Slayton when he wrote his novelette entitled "Love Is All." Slayton had hung about the editorial offices of all the magazines so persistently that he was acquainted with the inner workings of everyone in Gotham.

He knew not only that the editor of the "Hearthstone" handed his MSS. around among different types of people for reading, but that the stories of sentimental love-interest went to Miss Puffkin, the editor's stenographer.

Another of the editor's peculiar customs was to conceal invariably the name of the writer from his readers of MSS., so that a glittering name might not influence the sincerity of their reports.

Slayton made "Love Is All" the effort of his life. He gave it six months of the best work of his heart and brain. It was a pure love-story, fine, elevated, romantic, passionate—a prose poem that set the divine blessing of love (I am transcribing from the manuscript) high above all earthly gifts and honours, and listed it in the catalogue of heaven's choicest rewards.

Slayton's literary ambition was intense. He would have sacrificed all other worldly possessions to have gained fame in his chosen art. He would almost have cut off his right hand, or have offered himself to the knife of the appendicitis fancier to have realised his dream of seeing one of his efforts published in the "Hearthstone."

Slayton finished "Love Is All," and took it to the "Hearthstone" in person. The office of the magazine was in a large, conglomerate building, presided under by a janitor.

As the writer stepped inside the door on his way to the elevator, a potato masher flew

through the hall, wrecking Slayton's hat, and smashing the glass of the door. Closely following in the wake of the utensil flew the janitor, a bulky, unwholesome man, suspenderless and sordid, panic-stricken and breathless.

A frowsy, fat woman with flying hair followed the missile. The janitor's foot slipped on the tiled floor, he fell in a

heap with an exclamation of despair. The woman pounced upon him and seized his hair. The man bellowed lustily.

Her vengeance wreaked, the virago rose and stalked, triumphant as Minerva, back to some cryptic domestic retreat at the rear. The janitor got to his feet, blown and humiliated.

"This is married life," he said to Slayton, with a certain bruised humour. "That's the girl I used to lay awake of nights thinking about."

"Sorry about your hat, mister. Say, don't snitch to the

QUIZ for today

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Crossing the Brook, The Cornfield, The Blue Boy, The Red Boy, Crossing the Bar, The Angelus.

Answers to Quiz in No. 620

1. A bobadil is a weaver's shuttle, game, coquette, military boaster, child's toy, cock-fail?

2. What is the difference between (a) pottle, (b) dottle?

3. What year was only 354 days long?

4. What novel did Dickens never finish?

5. In what athletic game is the score reckoned in aces?

1. Kind of rock.

2. (a) State of being foreign, (b) specialist in mental diseases.

3. Dominoes.

4. Sixpence.

5. Dr. Joad, Commander Campbell, Julian Huxley.

6. 3d. is made in nickel; others in silver or copper only.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



A NEWSPAPER of the air, broadcast by standard television transmitters and received in the reader's home page by page, may be a post-war possibility under a method patented by Lee A. Collins, of the "Louisville Courier-Journal" and "Times" advertising department.

No special equipment other than the standard television receiver would be needed, Collins told "Editor and Publisher." The method provides for simultaneous broadcasting of a desired number of newspaper pages at different frequencies by different channels, or, by "multiplexing," by the same channel.

The reader, by the Collins method, would "turn" to the desired page merely by tuning to the required frequency, then fading it out to turn to another page.



"THE pages broadcast," said Collins, "may be regular full-size news pages, or special tabloid pages prepared for broadcasting alone. They may be from the publication or from proofs."

One idea put forth, Collins said, is that each page be broadcast for a full hour or longer, to allow ample time for reading. Speed of transmission would be at the rate of thirty images a second.

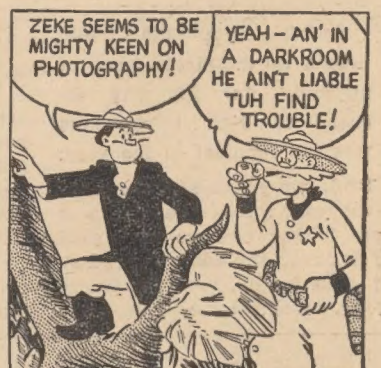
Several large newspapers are now negotiating for licences under the patent, Collins said. Predicting television in colour, he added he would obtain other patents for transmission of colour pages.



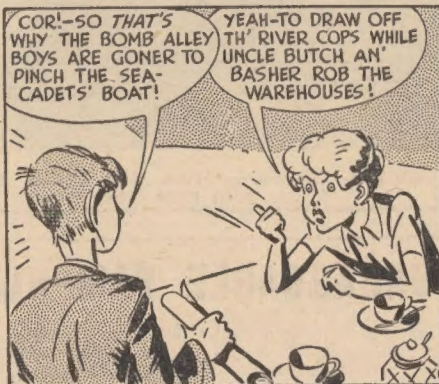
WHEN A.B. G. Richardson wrote from "Forth" to enquire about the leather situation in London, I went around to Gamages, and had some luck.

If there are any more leather workers who want soft skins, I advise you to write to that store in Holborn, London. They sell half-skins for eleven shillings. If you have any difficulty, drop me a card.

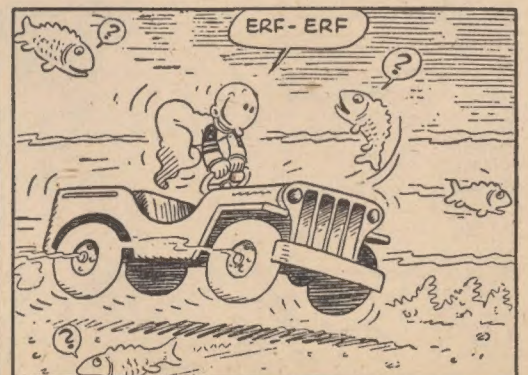
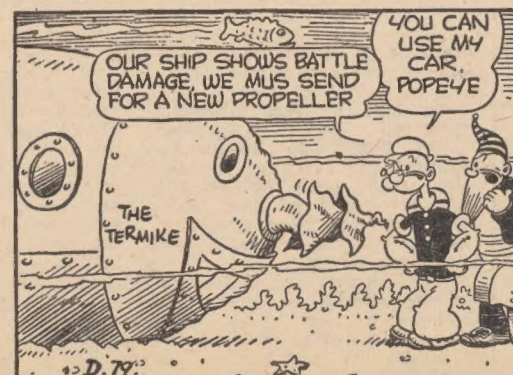
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—560

1. Behad a murderer and get a mark of affection.
2. In the following first line of a famous poem, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Eth het cekd grubinn no otods yob.*
3. What famous Spanish painter has S for the exact middle of his name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order:
The sounds —; — people like me cannot hear well.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 559

1. Fire.
2. Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
3. Rembrandt.
4. Diet, tide.

JANE

Lorelei has made her escape to the cellars...



While Jane descends (unexpectedly) by another route!



"A SACRIFICE HIT"

(Continued from Page 2) tenants about this, will yer? I don't want to lose me job."

Slayton took the elevator at the end of the hall and went up to the offices of the "Hearthstone." He left the MS. of "Love Is All" with the editor, who agreed to give him an answer as to its availability at the end of a week.

Slayton formulated his great winning scheme on his way down. It struck him with one brilliant flash, and he could not refrain from admiring his own genius in conceiving the idea. That very night he set about carrying it into execution.

Miss Puffkin, the "Hearthstone" stenographer, boarded in the same house with the author. She was an oldish, thin, exclusive, languishing, sentimental maid; and Slayton had been introduced to her some time before.

The writer's daring and self-sacrificing project was this: from "Love Is All"; and he knew that the editor of the "Hearthstone" relied strong-

ly upon Miss Puffkin's judgment in the manuscript of romantic and sentimental fiction. Her taste represented the immense average of mediocre women who devour novels and stories of that type.

The central idea and keynote of "Love Is All" was love at first sight—the enrapturing, irresistible, soul-thrilling feeling that compels a man or a woman to recognise his or her spirit-mate as soon as heart speaks to heart. Suppose he should impress this divine truth upon Miss Puffkin personally! — would she not surely endorse her new and rapturous sensations by recommending highly to the editor of the "Hearthstone" the novellette, "Love Is All"?

Slayton thought so. And that night he took Miss Puffkin to the theatre. The next night he made vehement love to her in the dim parlour of the boarding-house. He quoted freely from "Love Is All"; and he wound up with Miss Puffkin's head on his shoulder and

visions of literary fame dancing in his head.

But Slayton did not stop at love-making. This, he said to himself, was the turning point of his life, and, like a true sportsman, he "went the limit."

On Thursday night he and Miss Puffkin walked over to the Big Church in the Middle of the Block and were married.

On Friday morning Mrs. Slayton said she would go over to the "Hearthstone" office, hand in one or two manuscripts that the editor had given her to read, and resign her position as stenographer.

"Was there anything—er—that—er—you particularly fancied in the stories you are going to turn in?" asked Slayton with a thumping heart.

"There was one—a novellette, that I liked so much," said his wife. "I haven't read anything in years that I thought was half as nice and true to life."

That afternoon Slayton hurried down to the "Hearth-

stone" office. He felt that his reward was close at hand. With a novelette in the "Hearthstone," literary reputation would soon be his.

The office boy met him at the railing in the outer office. Slayton hugged himself internally.

He inquired concerning his novelette. The office boy went into the sacred precincts and brought forth a large envelope, thick with more than the bulk of a thousand cheques.

"The boss told me to tell you he's sorry," said the boy, "but your manuscript ain't available for the magazine."

Slayton stood dazed. "Can you tell me," he stammered, "whether or no Miss Puffkin—that is, my—I mean Miss Puffkin—handed in a novelette this morning that she had been asked to read?"

"Sure she did," answered the office boy wisely. "I heard the old man say that Miss Puffkin said it was a daisy. The name of it was, 'Married for the Mazuma, or a Working Girl's Triumph.'"

"Say, you!" said the office boy confidentially, "your name's Slayton, ain't it? I guess I mixed cases on you without meanin' to do it. The boss give me some manuscript to hand around the other day and I got the ones for Miss Puffkin and the janitor mixed. I guess it's all right, though."

And then Slayton looked closer and saw on the cover of his manuscript, under the title, "Love Is All," the janitor's comment scribbled with a piece of charcoal:

"The — you say!"
END

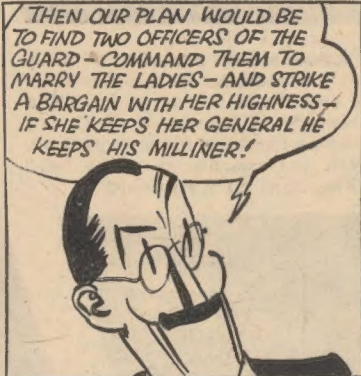
CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.								
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11					
12		13			14			
15				16		17		18
19			20		21			
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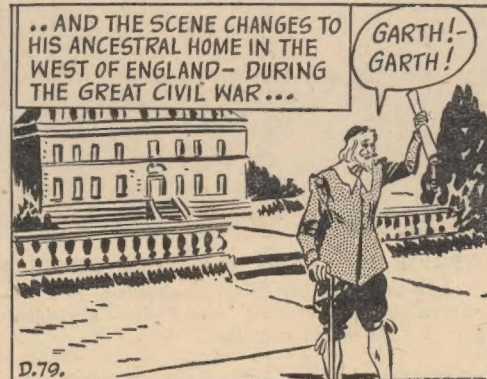
CLUES DOWN.								
1 Sudden roll.	2 In quarantine.	3 Flag.	4 Melodious.	5 Intermediate.	6 Cat.	7 Inspid.	8 Surrounded by.	9 Remains.
10 Ventured.	11 Was repeated.	12 Intonation.	13 Undergo repair.	14 Poetry.	15 Receptacle.	16 Weight.	17 Skin.	18 Inferior.
19 Direction.	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27

DAFT LAPSES
BARBICAN
ROUE POLICE
IDLED NEPAL
GET EVIDENT
H SWOT DIE
TAPE LEGS
MANSE RATS
PURSE VOWEL
ASTER AWARE
HEY FUNNY D

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



TRUE OR FALSE

When it Rains, it Pours

IF the saying that in England it never rains but it pours is meant to state that when it is wet it is wet for a long time, then there is a good deal of truth in it.

E. V. Newnham gathered figures showing the probability of a wet day following wet days.

After one wet day, the chances of the next day being wet are a little more than "50-50" in Southern England, and a good deal more in Scotland.

But the chances on it being wet rise steadily with the number of successive wet days that have preceded it. For instance, if the previous seven days have been wet, there is a 73 per cent. chance of the eighth day being wet, and even after nine wet days, the chances are 70 per cent. (78 per cent. in Scotland) on the 11th being also wet.

Another table shows the reverse side—that when there has been a dry spell the chance of a wet day following is small. For instance, at Kew, after eight fine days the chances of a wet day following are only 22 per cent., whereas after only one fine day they are 45 per cent.

In a nutshell, it is a characteristic of British weather to persist once it has settled in, so that we have "runs" of wet and fine days, interspersed with changeable weather. This was noticed centuries ago, and is incorporated in various weather sayings and rhymes. It has been particularly noticed that when the wind has blown from the N.E. for three days, it is likely to stay there for a week or more.

There are sound meteorological reasons for this persistence of British weather, too complicated to give even briefly. For once the modern scientific meteorologist and the old sayings are in agreement.

J. M. Michaelson

Alex Crack

Charles Dauber, the great painter, was operated on by Claude Carver, a famous surgeon and personal friend. Carver, however, refused to accept payment for the operation, so Dauber pressed him to accept one of his paintings.

"Well," said Carver, "this picture is worth ten times what I would have charged for the operation, but I will accept it on one condition."

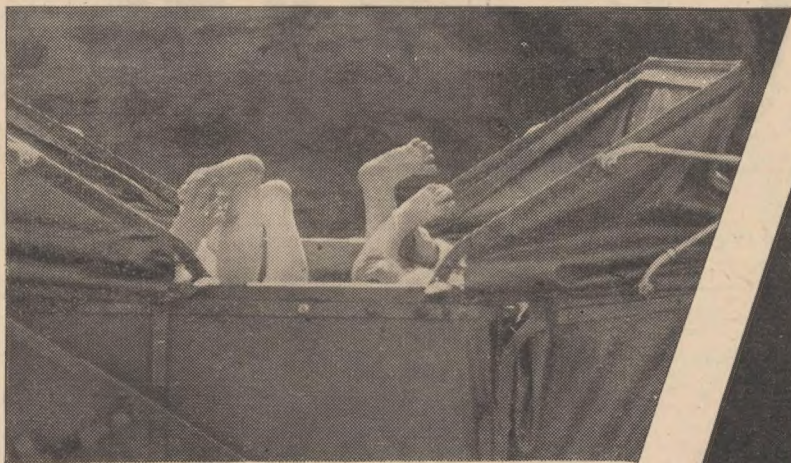
"What's that?" said Dauber.
"I will accept it only on condition that you come to me for your next nine operations!"



THIS ENGLAND. The East End of London does not abound with fashionable "Lidos," but that doesn't mean that bathing doesn't take place there. If you're a boy, and if the sun is making the streets unbearably hot, the oily waters of London's river are apt to ripple and sparkle and beckon like the blue Mediterranean. And, on these days, there's many a gay swimming party held on embankment steps from The Pool to Rotherhithe.



"That Ship's Cat is slaying me. I've just seen the point to his crack in No. 599."



ALL HANDSOME MEN ARE SLIGHTLY SUNBURNT. "The papers say an even tan is so becoming, but 'even' is the operative word. Would never do to forget the soles of our feet."

HARK AT 'IM!
Our roving cameraman — the self-appointed chairman of the Wide World Pin-up Club — contributes these notes anent the raving beauty on your left. He writes: "She is a young Mongol married woman in workaday clothes. These clothes are never washed. The ample folds of her clothing serve also as both towel and handkerchief." Charming company he keeps, is the only remark we deign to make!

LEANING TOWER?
To-day's heart-flutterer is a charming song-and-dance gal who works for ENSA. Now don't tell us — let us guess! Yes, she has recently been entertaining the troops in Pisa. Mmm! She certainly went sight-seeing while there. Why of course, she's impersonating the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Quite simple — really!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And why did the tower lean? Subsidence—caused by Fascist dogs!"

